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*On the Difference between LEARNING and  
PEDANTRY.*



WE very frequently hear Persons of a certain Education, and in certain Stations of Life, declaiming against what they are pleased to call a formal Method of Breeding; and the Respect shewn by the dull Admirers of Antiquity for whatever is written in *Latin* or *Greek*. They treat this as the Remnant of some old Superstition, which still maintains its Ground, though the Absurdity of it is become visible, and though the Way to thrive in the World lies apparently through another Road. The Language these People use amongst each other is plausible enough, and carries at least a Colour of Reason and Argument, but at the Bottom  
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there is nothing in it, *Latin* and *Greek* have still their Uses, though other Tongues have also theirs; ancient Learning is so far from being a Remnant of Superstition, that it was owing to the Revival of ancient Learning, that Superstition was exposed and exploded. In a Word, the old Way of bringing up Youth, is not not hastily to be rejected, for tho' a *French* Boarding-House may answer some Ends very well, yet our great Schools and Universities have for all that their Uses, and answer other Ends much better.

The modern Admirers of what they call Good Sense and True Taste, are many of them not at all aware, that they derive these, not from the Invention or Sagacity of the great Wits of late Ages, but from their Acquaintance with and Veneration for Antiquity. It is to the perfect not superficial Knowledge of *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, that we are indebted for those excellent Performances that do so much Honour to modern Languages; so that when some People boast of Histories finely written, of Poems admirably finished, of Systems of Philosophy, which shew the Wisdom and Penetration of their Authors, and of a vast Diversity of Writings in respect both to Science and Wit, which have deserved and received universal Applause: All this is so far from supporting what they labour to prove, that to those who are the proper Judges it is the clearest Demonstration of the contrary, for they well know that all is derived from the Study of the Antients; and that if ever this Study comes to be neglected, we shall relapse into the same Condition the World was in before that Study grew into-Credit, which in plain *English*, was downright Barbarism.

But those who are in contrary Sentiments, commonly object that there are Numbers of People, who are generally allowed to have a great deal of Learning, and yet are as mean and useless as those that have none; and whose Works, though stuffed full of *Latin* and *Greek* Quotations, are trifling and insignificant. There are two Answers may be given to this, the First is, that though such sort of Writers may to many People, not only appear, but really prove of very little Consequence, yet to others they are highly useful and beneficial: The Works of Chronologists, Philologists, Commentators and Critics in general, are dry, and unentertaining; and those who spend all their Days in composing them, are esteemed dull Fellows, yet perhaps they are not so, because there is a kind of Genius necessary, even in these Performances, but be that as it will, most certainly they are not useless. In an Army, Generals and superior Officers make a great Figure,

and we very rarely hear, except now and then in a Gazette, of Pioneers, yet Pioneers are very useful People, and are esteemed so, by Generals themselves. The Pioneers in Learning are also very useful People in clearing the high Roads of Literature, which would otherwise be choaked up, and tho' they make no great Progress in those Roads themselves; they very much facilitate the Progress of others. But admitting the Objection in its full Extent; the second Answer is direct and decisive; Learning may be abused by some, and so are all the Privileges and Prerogatives of human Nature, but this does not at all lessen their Excellence; and though a Man may be a Blockhead with Learning; there is no Reason to doubt, that he would have been a much greater Blockhead without it.

Another Objection is, that there are numerous Instances where Genius, or what we call Parts, enable Men to pass thro' the World with great Reputation without the Assistance of Learning; nay, that some of these without understanding any Language but their own, have made no small Figure in the Republick of Letters, yet, if we consider this attentively it will be found beside the Purpose. For first, it may be said that much of the Learning of Antiquity may be acquired without the Knowledge of any but the *English* Tongue, as appears from the Plays of *Shakespear*, which discover more of that sort of Knowledge, than is possessed by many that have an intimate Acquaintance with what are stiled, the Learned Languages. But supposing this true, it cannot be denied that such Persons are considered as Prodigies; and as Exceptions strengthen general Rules, so, if such Persons are thought superior to the Rest of Mankind, this sufficiently shews, that we have the common Consent of indifferent Judges, that this sort of Learning is requisite. But then, thirdly, these very extraordinary Persons, or at least many of them, have furnished the Lovers of Antiquity with their own express Evidence as to this Point. *Cato* began to learn *Greek*, when he was very far advanced in Years. The *French* Minister, *Colbert*, when he had raised himself to the sole Direction of Affairs in *France*, employed all his leisure Hours in learning *Latin*; I might say the same Thing of a Person who raised himself the same Way in this Kingdom within our own Memories. Thus these Men, whom the World suppose superior to Learning, find, by the Strength of their own Parts, that Deficiency which is overlooked by others.

Another plausible Objection, is the great Loss of Time that attends these kind of Studies, but may we not ask those who

this Objection, what that Time is, that they suppose to be thus lost? Is it not Infancy, Childhood and Nonage; is it not as much lost, in idle and silly Diversions, in seeing fine Sights, learning foolish Exercises, or sauntering from Place to Place to no End or Purpose, or is it less lost in the Pursuit of criminal Pleasures, in hurrying through a Train of Vices, or indulging a Propensity to numberless Follies? Is it not better to assign a proper Employment to Youth, and to give them Views that may occupy the opening Passions, and be also of future Utility? If bringing Boys early into the World, were a Thing safe, this Objection might have some Weight; but Experience, the only Testimony that could be urged in favour of this Notion, is directly against it, and shews that those who are ignorant of *Greek* and *Latin*, are too often also ignorant of Sense and Virtue.

That some have been successful from another Sort of Education, cannot be denied, nor ought to be. Various Situations in Life, require a Diversity in Discipline, and which ought also to be attended to, different Tempers, like different Soils, demand great Alterations in the manner of cultivating them. All this is very agreeable to good Sense and sound Reason, and it is a very great Pity that these Reflections are not more frequently made, and more thoroughly considered in the bringing up of young People. The Ancients knew all this, and the Lovers of ancient Literature, very readily admit it; they are very far from obtruding their Discipline upon all, but what they contend for is this, that though such kind of Learning be useless to some, yet it is useful to many.

We may add, to what has been already said on this Subject, that they are much mistaken, who fancy Pedantry solely connected with *Greek* and *Latin*, there are certainly *French*, *Italian*, and *English* Pedants. The Man who is continually talking in a foreign Stile, who affects foreign Manners, and places Politeness in that Way of Speaking or Writing, in favour of which he is either by Temper, or Accident prepossessed, is a Pedant. So is the honest *John Trot* who limits good Sense, good Nature, and good Manners, to the Customs of the North or of the West, because he happens to be born or bred there. Such People are to all Intents and Purposes Pedants, though they cannot read a Word of *Greek*, or construe a Sentence of *Latin*; nay, the very railing at those who can, and running down for Book-worms every Man that loves Reading, is a Species of Pedantry, which in our Age is not very uncommon. But Men of true and extensive Knowledge, of solid Parts and sound Judgments,

reason

reason in another Manner; they know that in this, as in all other Things, the middle Way is the best, and that tho' it is a great Folly to mistake Pedantry for Learning, yet it is no less a Folly, and rather more dangerous to laugh under a Notion of Pedantry, useful and solid Learning, out of that Reputation which it has justly obtained.

*A Letter to Mrs. B. with a Character of Miss —.*

Madam,

I Have sent you the Character of a young Lady we both admire and esteem, my particular Regard for her perhaps may make me suspected of Partiality, but I appeal to you who are the best Judge in the Case, and know you will acquit me. My Design is not to draw a flattering, but a true Likeness; I wish, Madam, you had undertaken this Task yourself, your longer and more intimate Acquaintance with her, has given you many Advantages I have wanted; could I have been invisible at some of your friendly *tete a tete* Parties, (when your Minds wholly divested of Restraint, acted from the Impulses of Nature and Friendship only) I should have been able to have given the Piece some essential Touches; however, I must beg your Acceptance of it, imperfect as it is; the Inducements I had to give you this Sketch were too strong to be resisted, *viz.* my uncommon Regard for the Original; and the Pleasure of obeying your Commands.

My Intention was only to have given a short Character of Miss —, but as her Person has occasion'd so many different Opinions, I shall endeavour to describe it without the blind Prejudice of a Lover, or the critical Severity of a Lady.

Her Complexion is fair, but not insipidly so; there is a Warmth in her Skin that animates her Features; she has little Colour in her Cheeks, yet has all the freshness of Health; her Hair is of a light glossy Brown, her Features rather denote the Mind of a *Portia*, than the Softness of a *Lucretia*; I will not say they are delicate and exact, but they are expressive and pleasing: Her Eyes are quick and piercing, her Shape and Stature graceful, her Air and Mien peculiarly spirited and genteel; in short, her Face strikes and engages more by its Meaning and Character, than by the Beauty and Symetry of any particular Feature.

The Vivacity of her *Temper* is happily mix'd with an *Understanding* equal to Experience; her *Spirit* is never impertinent, because she never says a foolish or an ill-natur'd Thing. Whenever she makes Use of Raillery, 'tis done with such an unaffected Gaiety, that every Body wishes to be the Subject of it; whenever she is severe, 'tis upon her own imaginary Failings. She is accus'd of Levity in her Talk; she has no Hypocrisy, never disguises her Sentiments, yet always takes Care that the gayest of them are dress'd to appear in any Company. Her Innocence is no more effected with her Pleasantry, than the Prude's Virtue is prov'd by her Blushes; the *Fools* and the *Malicious* may mistake her, and perhaps she is too regardless of her greatest Enemies *Ignorance* and *Envy*. She chuses the Conversation of Men preferable to that of Women (yours excepted). Her *Understanding* despises the common Prattle of a Tea-Table, and of Course, flies to more rational Entertainment; this has laid her under the Imputation of *Coquetry*; and if the *Vain* of our Sex will mistake Civility for Affection, no wonder the *Malevolent* of yours take the Advantage of such Misconstructions to the Prejudice of a Favourite. Pride, Affectation and Envy, are no Ingredients in her Composition, and what is still more uncommon, she is capable of the most sincere manly Friendship; this, Madam, you have experienc'd, nor could your Merits raise her Envy, or cool her Affections. Her Censurers say, she is of a fickle Disposition, this Accusation I must pass over; for as I have not been a Witness, so I hope I never shall be an Example of her Inconstancy; her Sentiments, Actions and Behaviour, are quite original and engaging; she has what the *French* call *Naiete*, to a most entertaining Degree, the most indifferent Thing she says or does, has somewhat peculiarly pleasing in it: She has boundless *Good Nature*, yet is capable of the *highest Resentment*, as the most harmonious String wound up beyond a proper Pitch, becomes jarring and dissonant. Tho' she has Accomplishments to make her conspicuous in publick Life, she is no less qualify'd for private and more rational Happiness. In short, to sum up her Character in a few Words, the Men all admire her, and the Ladies are generally her Enemies; but all the Impartial must allow, that her Censurers had never less Foundation for their Malice, nor greater Cause for their Envy.

Thus, Madam, I have obey'd your Commands, as well as the Shortness of the Time would permit me; had I had more Leisure, I should have made the Copy less faulty, tho' I despair



despair of ever doing Justice to the Original; so wishing you soon happy in the Enjoyment of your amiable Friend,

*I remain, Madam,*

*Your most Obedient,*

DAVUS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*AS the true Italian GUSTO for Masquerades seems still to prevail, notwithstanding all the malicious Insinuations thrown out against it by the Friends of Clownishness and Barbarism; and as it is evident, that the high spirited English Nation are not to be frightened from the polite Diversions of Balls, Assemblies, or Ridotto's al Fresco, by Accidents that might have happened, had they contented themselves with the old fashioned Delights of Wakes, Fairs, and Puppet-Shews; it may not be amiss to give them this gentle Hint, that even these elegant Entertainments are not absolutely understood, or carried to that surprizing Height, which comes quite up to the Delicatezza of Italy, of which however it is most certain, the refined and travelled Part (in Books or Post-Chaises matters not) of this great People, are in all Respects capable.*

*To such be it known,*

*That the great Beauty of the Masquerade is (if I may use so bold a Metaphor) for every one to appear there NAKED. I do not mean in a gross and vulgar, but in a genteel and sensible Way. Every one is sufficiently apprized, that Fortune hinders many from appearing in their true Characters of both Sexes, which but for the lively Invention of the Masquerade, would be a Restraint for Life; but by means of this most wise and witty Contrivance, we shake of the Trammells of Circumstances, and appear as Nature formed us, we do not as the servum Pecus, the dirty Canaille, the short-sighted Mob fancy, put off, but on our Cloaths, we are then truly dressed, at all other Times disguised, and tho' to the ignobile vulgus, the doltish Rabble before-mentioned, it seems quite otherwise, it is then, and then only, that we appear unmasked. But as there may be some Difficulty in comprehending this,*

*Signor*

Signor VULPONE,

*Who passed his Youth in the Court of the last Duke of Mantua, accompanied Abbe Alberoni to Madrid, and at his Request attended Prince Cellamere to Paris, invites all young Gentlemen of Taste to breakfast with him at his Lodgings in Piccadilly, on a Slice of true Bologna, or of Parmezan, accompanied with a Glass of Syracuse, and after an Hours Conversation, will undertake to indicate the proper Garb in which they shall display their Talents, so naturally as to charm the Audience, and this without the Fatigue of studying their Parts, but barely giving a Loose to their Sentiments, and talking (which is their supreme Pleasure) whatever comes uppermost; this may at first Sight look like confining, but he will undertake to vary the Characters as Occasion requires, the same Person being very capable of playing the Bashaw, Mute, or Harlequin, according to the Company he goes with; he is also willing in some measure to impart his Secret (for a valuable consideration) and thereby enable a Connoisseur to unmask a whole Ridotto at a single Glance;*

*N. B. His Cousin Signora Vulpicella will provide a proper Entertainment for, and afford suitable Advice to the Ladies.*

## PSYCHE: Or, The GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

*A POEM, written in Imitation of Spencer.*

## I.

**W**HERE early Phœbus sheds his milder Beams,  
The happy Gardens of Adonis lay:  
There Time, well pleas'd to wonne, a Youth becoms,  
Ne yet his Wings were fledg'd, ne Locks were grey;  
Round him in sweet Accord the Seasons play  
With Fruites and Blossoms meint, in goodly Gree;  
And dancing hand in hand rejoice the Lea.  
Sick Garden's now no mortal Wight can see,  
Ne mote they in my simple Verse describen be

II. The



II.

The temper'd Clime full many a Tree affords ;  
 Those many Trees blush forth with ripen'd Fruite ;  
 The blushing Fruite to feast invites the Birds ;  
 The Birds with plenteous Feasts their Strength recruite,  
 And warble Songs more sweet than Shepherd's Flute.  
 The gentle Stream that roll'd the Stones emong,  
 Charm'd with the Place, almost forgot its Suite ;  
 But list'ning, and responding to the Song,  
 Loit'ring, and winding often, murmured along.

III.

Here Panacea, here Nepenthè grew,  
 Here Polygon, and each ambrosial Weed ;  
 Whose Vertues could decayed Health renew,  
 And, answering exhausted Nature's Need,  
 Mote eath a Mortal to immortal Feed.  
 Here lives *Adonis* in unfading Youth ;  
 Cœlestial *Venus* grants him that rich Meed,  
 And him successive evermore renew'th,  
 In Recompence for all his faithful Love and Truth.

IV.

Not she, I ween, the wanton Queen of Love,  
 All buxom as the Waves from whence she rose,  
 With her Twin-Sons, who idly round her rove,  
 One *Eros* hight, the other *Anteros* ;  
 Albeit Brothers, different as Foes :  
 This fated, sullen, apt for Bickermment ;  
 That hungry, eager, fit for Derring-does.  
 That flies before, with scorching Flames ybrent ;  
 This foll'wing douts those Flames with peevish Discontent.

## V.

Cœlestial *Venus* does such Ribaules strut,  
 No dare they in her Purlues to be seen :  
 But *Cupid's* Torch, fair Mother's fairest Son,  
 Shines with a steady unconsuming Sheen ;  
 Not fierce, yet bright, Coldness and Rage between.  
 The Backs of Lyons fellonest he strod ;  
 And Lyons tamely did themselves amene :  
 On Natures wild full sov'reignly he rod ;  
 Wild Natures, chang'd, confess'd the mild puissant God.

## VI.

A beauteous Fay, or Heav'n descended Spright,  
 Sprung from her Sire, withouten Females Aid,  
 (As erst *Minerva* did) and *Psyche* hight,  
 In that Enclosure happy Sojourn made.  
 No Art some heel'd Uncomeliness betray'd,  
 But Nature wrought her many-colour'd Stole ;  
 Ne tarnish'd like an *Æthiopian* Maid,  
 Scorch'd with the Suns that ore her Beauties roll ;  
 Ne faded like the Dames who bleach beneath the Pole.

## VII.

On eider Side, and all adown her Back,  
 With many a Ring at equal Distance plac'd,  
 Contrary to the rest, was Heben Black,  
 With Shades of Green, quick changing as she pass ;  
 All were on Ground-work of bright Gold orecast,  
 The Black gave Livelihood to the greenish Hue,  
 The Green still deep'd the Heben ore it lac'd ;  
 The Gold, that peep'd atween and then withdrew,  
 Gave Lustre to them both, and charm'd the wondring View

## VIII.

It seem'd like Arras, wrought with cunning Skill;  
 Where kindly meddle Colours, Light, and Shade:  
 Here flows the Flood; there rising Wood or Hill;  
 Breaks off its Course; gay Verdure dices the Mead.  
 The Stream, depeinten by the glitt'ring Braid,  
 Among the Hills now winding seems to hide;  
 Now shines unlook'd for thro' the op'ning Glade,  
 Now in full Torrent pours its golden Tyde;  
 Hills, Woods, and Meads refresh'd, rejoicing by its Side.

## IX.

Her *Cupid* lov'd, whom *Psyche* lov'd again.  
 He, like her Parent and her Belamour,  
 Sought how she mote in Sickness remain,  
 From all Malengine safe, and evil Stour.  
 "Go, tender Coffer, said he, forray ore  
 "These Walks and Lawnds; Thine all these Baskets are;  
 "Thine ev'ry Shrub, Thine ev'ry Fruite and Flower:  
 "But Oh! I charge thee, Love, the Rose forbear,  
 For Prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous Rosiere.

## X.

"Prickles will Pain, and Pain will banish Love;  
 "I charge thee, *Psyche*, then the Rose forbear.  
 "When faint and sick, thy Languors to remove,  
 "To yon ambrosial Shrubs and Plants repair;  
 "Thou weetest not what Med'cines in them are:  
 "What Wonders follow their repeated Use  
 "N'ote thy weak Sense conceive, should I declare;  
 "Their labour'd Balm, and well concoct'd Juices  
 New Life, new Forms, new Thews, new Joys, new Worlds  
 produce.

## XI.

- " Thy Term of Tryal past with Constancy,  
 " That wimpling Slough shall fall like Filth away;  
 " On Pinions broad, uplifted to the Skie,  
 " Thou shalt, astart, thy stranger self survey.  
 " Together, *Psyche*, will we climb and play;  
 " Together wander through the Fields of Air,  
 " Beyond where Suns and Moons mete Night and Day.  
 " I charge thee, O my Love, the Rose forbear,  
 " If thou wouldst Scathe avoid. *Psyche*, forewarn'd, beware!

## XII.

- " How sweet thy Words to my enchanted Ear!  
 (With grateful, modest Confidence she said;)  
 " If *Cupid* speak, I could for ever hear  
 " Trust me, my Love, thou shalt be well obey'd.  
 " What rich Purveyance for me hast thou made,  
 " The prickly Rose alone denied! the rest  
 " In full Indulgence giv'n! 'Twere to upbraid  
 " To doubt Compliance with this One Request:  
 " How small, and yet how kind, *Cupid*, is thy Behest!

## XIII.

- " And is that Kindness made an Argument  
 " To raise me still to higher Scenes of Bliss?  
 " Is the Acceptance of thy Goodness meant  
 " Merit in me for farther Happiness?  
 " No Merit and no Argument, I wish,  
 " Is there besides in me unworthy Maid:  
 " Thy Gift the very Love I bear thee is.  
 " Trust me, my Dove, thou wast be well obey'd;  
 " To doubt Compliance here, *Cupid*, were to upbraid,

## XIV. W

## XIV.

Without Counterfeits thus she spoke;  
 Unweeting of her Frailty, Light uprose  
*Cupid* on easy Wing: yet tender Look,  
 And est-reverted Eye on her bestows;  
 Fearfull, but not distrustfull, of her Vows.  
 And mild Regards she back reflects on him:  
 With aching Eye pursues him as he goes;  
 With aching Heart marks each diminish'd Limb;  
 Till indistinct, diffus'd and lost in Air he seem.

## XV.

He went to set the Watches of the East,  
 That none mote rush in with the Tyde of Wind:  
 He went to *Venus* to make fond Request  
 From fleshly Firm to loosen *Psyche's* Mind,  
 And her Eftspoons transmew. She forelore pin'd;  
 And mov'd for Solace to the glassy Lake,  
 To view the Charms that had his Heart entwain'd.  
 She saw, and blush'd, and smil'd; then inly spake:  
 "These Charms I cannot choose but love, for *Cupid's* Sake."

## XVI.

Then Sea-born *Venus* gan with Envy stir  
 At brute of their great Happiness; and sought  
 How she mote wreak her Spight: then call'd to her  
 Her Sons, and op'd what rankled in her Thought;  
 Asking, who'd venture ore the Mounds to vau't  
 To bread them scathe unwares; to damp the Joy  
 Of blisful *Venus*, or to bring to nought  
 The liefest Purpose of her dearling Boy,  
 Or urge them both their minion *Psyche* to destroy.

## XVII.

## XVII.

Eros recul'd, and noul'd the Work achieve;  
 " Bold is th' Attempt, said he, averse from Love;  
 " If Love inspires I could detreign to reave  
 " His Spear from *Anter*, his Levin-brond from *Jove*."  
 Him *Anter*, snob'd farly, " Galle's Dove!  
 " Than Love's Spight's mightier Prowess understand:  
 " If Spight inspires, I dare all Dangers prove;  
 " And if successfull, stand the Levin-brond,  
 " When hurlen angry forth from *Jove's* avenging Hond.

## XVIII.

He said, and desfly t'wards the Gardens flew;  
 Horribly smiling at his foul Emprise.  
 When, nearer still and nearer as he drew,  
 Unsufferable Brightness wounds his Eyes,  
 Forth beaming from the crystal Walls; he tries  
 Arear to move, averted from the Blaze;  
 But now no longer the pure Ether buoys  
 His grosser Bodies disproportion'd peaze;  
 Down drops, plumb from his tow'ring Path, the Treacher base;

## XIX.

So ore *Avernus*, or the *Luerine* Lake,  
 The whistle's bird pursues his purpos'd Flight;  
 Whether by Vapours moy'd that thenceforth break,  
 Or else deserted by an Air too light,  
 Down tumbles the Fowl headlong from his Height.  
 So *Anter* astonished fell to Ground,  
 Provok'd, but not accoid at his strange Plight.  
 He roses, and wending coasts it round and round  
 To find unguarded pass, hopeless to leap the Mound.



## XX.

As on the Margin of a Stream he stood,  
 Slow rolling from that Paradise within,  
 A Snake's Out-case untenanted he view'd:  
 Seizing the Spoil, albe' it worthless been,  
 He darts himself into the vacant Skin.  
 In borrow'd Gear, th' exulting Lofel glides,  
 Whose faded Hues with Joy flush bright again:  
 Triumphant o're the buoyant Flood he rides;  
 And shoots th' important Gulph, borne on the gentle Tydes.

## XXI.

So shone the brazen Gates of Babylon;  
 Armies invain her Muniments assail:  
 So strong, no Engines could them batter down;  
 So high, no Ladders could the Ramparts scale;  
 So flank'd with Tow'rs, Besiegers n'ote avail;  
 So wide, sufficient Harvest they enclose:  
 But where Might yields, there Stratagems prevail.  
 Faithless *Euphrates* thro' the City flows,  
 And through his Channel pours the unexpected Foes.

## XXII.

He sails along in many a wanton Spire;  
 Now floats at length, now proudly rears his Crest:  
 His sparkling Eyes and Scales, instinct with Fire,  
 With Splendor, as he moves, the Waves ore kest:  
 And the Waves gleam beneath his flaming Breast.  
 As through the Battle, set in full Array,  
 When the Sun walks in radiant Brightness dress'd,  
 His Beams, that on the burnish'd Helmits play,  
 The burnish'd Helms reflect, and spread unusual Day.

## XXIII.

So on he fares, and stately wreaths about,  
 In Semblance like a Seraph glowing bright;  
 But without Terror flash'd his Lightnings out,  
 More to be wonder'd at, than to affright.  
 The backward Stream soon led the Masker right  
 To the broad Lake, where hanging o're the Flood  
 (*Narcissus* like, enamour'd with the Sight  
 Of his own Beauties) the fond *Psyche* flood,  
 To mitigate the Pains of lonely Widowhood.

## XXIV.

Unkenn'd of her, he raught the embroider'd Bank;  
 And thro' the tangled Flouretts weft aside  
 To where a Rosiere, by the River dank,  
 Luxuriant grew in all its blowing Pride,  
 Not far from *Psyche*; arm'd with scaly Hide  
 He clamb the Thorns, which no Impression make;  
 His glitt'rand Length, with all its Folds untied,  
 Plays floating o're the Bush: then Silence brake,  
 And thus the Nymph, astonied at his Speech, bespake.

## XXV.

“ O Fairest, and most Excellent, compleat  
 “ In all Perfections, sov'reign Queen of Nature!  
 “ The whole Creation bowing at thy Feet  
 “ Submissive pays thee Homage! Wondrous Creature,  
 “ If ought created Thou! for ev'ry Feature  
 “ Speaks thee a Goddess issued from the Skie;  
 “ Oh! let not me offend, unbidden Waiter,  
 “ At awefull distance gazing thus!—But why  
 “ Should gazing thus offend? or how unbidden I?

XXVI. “ The

XXVI.

“ The Sun that wakes these Flourets from their Beds,  
 “ Or opes these Buds by his soft Influence,  
 “ Is not offended that they peep their Heads,  
 “ And shew they feel his Pow’r by their quick Sense,  
 “ Off’ring at his Command, their sweet Incense,  
 “ Thus I, drawn here, by thy enliv’ning Rays,  
 “ (Call not Intrusion my Obedience !)  
 “ Perforce, yet willing Thrall, am come to gaze,  
 “ To pay my Homage meet, and bask in Beauties blaze.”

XXVII.

Amaz’d she stood, nor could recover soon :  
 From Contemplation suddenly abraid ;  
 Starting at Speech unusual : yet the Tune  
 Struck softly on her Ear, and Concert made  
 With her own Thoughts. Nor with less pleasure stray’d  
 Her Eye delighted o’er his glossy Skin ;  
 Yet frighted at the Thorn on which he play’d :  
 Pleasure with Horror mixt ! she hung between  
 Suspended ; yields, recoils, uncertain where to lin,

XXVIII.

At length she spoke : “ *Reptile*, no Charms I know  
 “ Such as you mention : yet what e’er they are,  
 “ (And nill I lessen what the Gods bestow)  
 “ Their is the Gift, and be the Tribute their  
 “ For them these Beauties I improve with Care,  
 “ Intent on them alone from Eve to Morn.  
 “ But reed me, *Reptile*, whence this Wonder rare,  
 “ That thou hast Speech, as if to Reason born ?  
 “ And how, unhurt you sport on that forbidden Thorn ?

## XXIX.

- " Say, why *forbidden Thorn*? the *Foe* replied :  
 " To every Reptile, every Insect free,  
 " Has Malice harsh to thee alone denied  
 " The Fragrance of the Rose enjoy'd by me?  
 " —'Twas Love, not Malice, form'd the kind Decree,  
 (Half-worth, she cried :) " Thine all these Baskets are,  
 " Thine Fruite and Flow'r, were *Cupid's* Words to me:  
 " But oh ! I charge thee, Love, the Rose forbear ;  
 " For Prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous *Rosier*.

## XXX.

- " Prickles will pain, and Pain will banish Love :  
 " I charge thee, *Psyche*, then the Rose forbear,  
 " When faint and sick, thy Languors to remove,  
 " To yon ambrosial Shrubs, and Plants repair ;  
 " Thou weetest not what Medicines in them are.  
 " What Wonders follow their repeated use  
 " N'ot thy weak Sense conceive, should I declare :  
 " Their labour'd Balm, and well connected Juice,  
 " New Life, new Forms, new Thews, new Joys, new Worlds  
 [produce.

## XXXI.

- " Thy Term of Tryal past with Constancy,  
 " That wimpling Slough shall fall like Filth away ;  
 " On Pinions broad up-lifted to the Skie,  
 " Thou shalt, assert, thy Stranger self survey.  
 " Together *Psyche*, will we climb and play ;  
 " Together wander through the Fields of Air,  
 " Beyond where Suns and Moons mete Night and Day.  
 " I charge thee, O my Love' the Rose forbear,  
 " If thou wouldst scathe avoid. *Psyche*, spewarn'd, beware!"

XXXII.

Out burst the Frannion into open Laugh:  
 She blush'd, and frown'd at his uncivil Mirth.  
 Then, soften'd to a Smile, as hiding half  
 What mote offend if boldly utter'd forth,  
 He seem'd t' assay to give his Answer birth:  
 But stop'd; and chang'd his Smiles to Looks of Ruth.  
 "Is this, (quoth he) fit Guerdon for thy Worth?

"Does *Cupid* thus impose upon thy Youth?  
 "Dwells then in Heav'n such Envy, void of Love and  
 [Truth?

XXXIII.

"Is this the Instance of his Tenderness,  
 "To envy *Psyche* what to *Worms* is given?  
 "To cut her off from present Happiness  
 "With feign'd Reverſion of a promis'd Heaven?  
 "By Threatnings false from true Enjoyments driven!  
 "How innocent the Thorn to touch, he knows:  
 "Where are my Wounds? or where th' avenging Levin?  
 "How softly blush these Colours of the Rose?

"How sweet — (and div'd into the Flow'r) — 'its Fragrance  
 flows?

XXXIV.

"Disadvantageous are thy Terms of Tryal:  
 "No longer, *Psyche* then the Rose forbear.  
 "What is to recompence the harsh Denyal,  
 "But Dreams of wand'ring thro' the Fields of Air,  
 "And Joys, I know not what, I know not where!  
 "As eath, on leafy Pinions borne, the Tree  
 "Mote rush into the Skyes, and flutter there,  
 "As thou soar yon, and quit thy due Degree:

"Thou for this World wert made; this World was made for  
 [Thee.

## XXXV.

“ In vain you’d fly to yonder Shrubs and Plants ;  
 “ Bitter their Taste, and worthless their Effect :  
 “ Here is the Polychrest for all thy Wants ;  
 “ No Panacea, like the Rose, expect.  
 “ Mute as my Fellow-brutes, as them abject  
 “ And reasonless was I, till haply woke  
 “ By tasting of the Rose, (O weak neglect  
 “ In thee the while !) the Dawn of Sapience broke  
 “ On my admiring Soul ; I reason’d, and I spoke.

## XXXVI.

“ Nor this the only Change ; for soon I found  
 “ The brisker Spirits flow in fuller Tyde ;  
 “ And more than usual Lustre spread around :  
 “ Such Vertue has the Rose, in me well tried.  
 “ But wise, I ween, thy Lover has denied  
 “ Its Use to Thee ; I join him too ; Beware  
 “ The dang’rous Rose.—For such thy Beauty’s Pride  
 “ ’Twere Death to gaze on, if improv’d !—Forbear  
 “ To sharp that Wit, too keen !—Touch not the Rosiere.”

## XXXVII.

Uncheckt, indulg’d, her growing Passions rise :  
 Wonder, to see him safe, and hear his Telling ;  
 Ambition vain, to be more fair and wise ;  
 And Rage, at Cupid’s misconceiv’d false Dealing :  
 Various the Gusts, but, all one Way impelling,  
 She plung’d into the Bosom of the Tree,  
 And snatch’d the Rose, ne dreaded Pain or quelling.  
 Off drops the Snake, nor farther staid to see ;  
 But rush’d into the Flood, and vanish’d presently.



## XXXVIII.

Full many a Thorn her tender Body rent ;  
 Full many a Thorn within the Wounds remain,  
 And throbbing cause continual Dreriment ;  
 While gory Drops her dainty Form distain.  
 She wishes her lost Innocence again,  
 And her lost Peace, lost Charms, lost Love to find ;  
 But Shame upbraids her with a Wish so vain :  
 Despair succeeded, and Aversion blind ;  
 Pain fills her tortur'd Sense, and Horror clouds her Mind.

## XXXIX.

Her bleeding, faint, disorder'd, Woe—began,  
 Stretcht on the Bank beside the fatal Thorn,  
*Venus*, who came to seek her with her Son,  
 Beheld. She stop'd : And albe Heav'nly born,  
 Rushful of others Woe, began to mourn.  
 The Loss of *Venus*' Smiles sick Nature found ;  
 As Frost-nipt drops the Bloom, the Birds forelorn  
 Sit hush'd, the faded Sun spreads Dimness round ;  
 The clatt'ring Thunders crash, and Earthquakes rock the  
 [Ground.

## XL.

Then arming with a killing Frown her Brow  
 " Die, poor unhappy"—*Cupid* suppliant broke  
 The unfinish'd Sentence ; and with dueful Bow  
 Beg'd her to doff the Keeness of her Look,  
 Which Nature feeling to her Center shook.  
 " Then how should *Psyche* bear it? Spare the Maid ;  
 " 'Tis plain that *Anteros* his Spight has wroke :  
 " Shall Vengeance, due to him, on her be laid ?  
 " Oh ! let me run, and reach th' ambrosial Balms," he said.

## XLI.

## XLII.

- " Ah what would, *Cupid* ask? the Queen replies;  
 " Can all those Balms restore her Peace again?  
 " Wouldst thou a wretched Life immortalize;  
 " Wouldst thou protract, by potent Herbs, her Pain?  
 " Love bids her die; thy cruel Wish restrain.—  
 " Why then (quoth he) in Looms of Fate were wove  
 " The Lives of those, in long successive Train;  
 " From her to spring, through yon bright Tracts to rove  
 " Due to the Skyes, and meant to shine in Fields above!

## XLII.

- " Say, would thy Goodness envy them the Light  
 " Appointed for them, or the Good prevent  
 " Foreseen from them to flow? erasing quite  
 " The whole Creation through Avengement?  
 " One only Species from its Order rent  
 " The whole Creation shrivels to a Shade.—  
 " —Better all vanish'd, said she, than be meint  
 " In wild Confusion, through Free Will mislead,  
 " And tempted to go wrong from Punishment delay'd."

## XLIII.

- " Let me that exemplary Vengeance bear,  
 (Benign return'd her amiable Son.)  
 " Justice on her would lose its Aim; severe  
 " In vain, productive of no Good; for none  
 " Could by that desolating Blow be won.  
 " So falls each generous Purpose of the Will  
 " Correct, extinguish'd by Abortion:  
 " Whence Justice would its own Intendments spill,  
 " And cut off Vertue by the Stroke meant Vice to kill.

## XLIV.

" Yet lest Impunity should Forehead give,  
 " To Vice, In me let Guilt adopted find  
 " A Victim; here a while vouchsafe me live  
 " Thy Proof of Justice mixt with Mercy kind!"—  
 " —Oh! strange Request (quoth she) of Pity blind!  
 " How shouldst thou suffer, who didst ne'er offend?  
 " How canst thou bear to be from me disjoin'd?  
 " To wander here, where Nature 'gins to wend  
 " To Waste and Wilderness, and Pleasures have an End?"

## XLV.

" You, *Venus*, suffer, (said he) when you strike;  
 " Not for your own, but others foul Offence;  
 " Why not permitted I to do the like,  
 " When greater Good, I see, will coult from thence?  
 " That greater Good orepays all Punishments;  
 " And makes my Sufferings, Pleasure: if they prove  
 " A means to conquer *Anteros* dispense  
 " Healing to *Psyche's* Wounds, regain her Love,  
 " And lead her, with her happy Sons, to Realms above."

## XLVI.

" To thy Entreaties *Psyche's* Life I give,  
 Replied th' indulgent Mother to her Son.  
 " But yet deform'd, and minish'd let her live;  
 " 'Till thou shalt grant a better Change, foredone:  
 " Nor shall that Change, but thro' Deaths Gates be won.  
 " This Meed be Thine, ore Her and Hers to reign!  
 " Already Nature puts her Horrors on:  
 " Away!—I to my Bow'r of Bliss again!  
 " Thou to thy Task of Love, and voluntary Pain."

## XLVII.

## XLVII.

She went ; and, like a shifted Stage, the Scène ;  
 Vanish'd at once ; th' ambrosial Plants were lost ;  
 The jarring Seasons brought on various Teen ;  
 Each fought, each seeking, each by other crost.  
 Young Spring to Summer flies from Winter's Frost ;  
 While sweltry Summer thirsts for Autumn's Bowl,  
 Which Autumn holds to Winter ; Winter tost  
 With Scorn away, young Spring inflames his Soul :  
 Still craving, never pleas'd, thus round and round they roll.

## XLVIII.

Th' inclement Airs bind up the sluggish Soil ;  
 The sluggish Soil the toilsome Hand requires ;  
 Yet thankless pays with four harsh Fruits the Toil,  
 Ne willing yields but ragged Thorns and Briers.  
 Birds Birds pursue, as Hunger's Rage inspires ;  
 Their sweetest Songs are now but Songs of Woe.  
 Here from th' encroaching Shore the Wave retires ;  
 There hoarse Floods roar, impetuous Torrents flow,  
 Invade the Land, and the scarce Harvests overthrow.

## XLIX.

Strecht on the Bank effoons th' inviting Form  
 Of *Psyche* faded ; brac'd up lank and slim,  
 Her dwindled Body shrunk into a Worm ;  
 Her Make new-moulded, chang'd in ev'ry Limb,  
 Her Colours only left, all pale and dim,  
 Doom'd in a Caterpillar's Shape to lout,  
 Her Passions ill such worthless Thing bescem ;  
 Pride, Rage, and Vanity to banish out,  
 She creeping crawls, and drags a loathsome length about.

L.

How *Cupid* wash'd her noysome Filth away ;  
 What Arts he tried to win her Love again ;  
 By what Wiles guileful Ant'ros did assay,  
 By Leasing, still her Recreant to maintain,  
 And render *Cupid's* kindly Labours vain :  
 Their Combat, *Cupid's* Conquest, *Psyche's* Crown,  
 (My Day's set Task here ended) must remain  
 Unfung ; Far nobler Verse mot they renown :  
 Unyoke the toiled Steers, the weary Sun goes down.

The following elegant Inscriptions on a Monument, raised to the innocent Memory of a Lady's favourite Bulfinch, having been very incorrectly printed, we have sent them abroad a second time, exactly copied from their Originals, in Justice to their Merit as well as for the Satisfaction of our Readers.

*On the Front of the Stone.*

Memoriæ

Blandientis Volucris

Hunc Lapidem

posuit

D ——— G ———

et hoc

Nobilissimæ Lucie

Officij sui

Testimonium

quale quale est

dicavit.

O

On

*On the Right Side.*

**T**HE Goddesses of Wit and Love,  
Have patroniz'd the Owl and Dove;  
From whose Protection both lay claim,  
To Immortality and Fame:

Could Wit alone, or Beauty, give  
To Birds the same Prerogative;  
My double Claim had Fate defy'd,  
And \*Lucy's Fav'rite ne'er had dy'd.

\* *Countess of R——d.*

*On the Left Side.*

**T**HO' here my Body lies interr'd,  
I still can be a tell-tale Bird;  
If *David* should pollute these Shades,  
And wanton with my Lady's Maids:  
Or *Dick* sneak out to Field, or Park,  
To play with *Mopsy* in the Dark;  
Or *Will*, that noble, generous Youth,  
Should err from Wisdom, Taste, and Truth;  
And bless'd with all that's Fair and Good,  
Should quit a Feast for grosser Food:  
I'll rise again a restless Sprite,  
Will haunt my lonesome Cage by Night;  
There swell my Throat and plume my Wing;  
And every Tale to Lucy sing.



LITERARY MEMOIRS.

*Examen de Conscience pour un Roi. Ecrit pour l'Usage de Monsf. le Duc de Bourgognone, puis Dauphin de France, pere de Louis XIV. Par feu Monsf. de Fenelon, Archevêque Duc de Cambray, precepteur des Enfans de France, &c. Avec la vie de l'Auteur, une Liste complete de ses Ouvrages, & des Memoires de sa Famille Pièces qui n'ont jamais été publiées auparavant.*

That is,

" *Proper Heads of Self-Examination for a King. Drawn up for the Use of the late Dauphin of France, Father to his present Majesty King Lewis XV. whilst Duke of Burgundy. By M. de Fenelon, Archbishop and Duke of Cambray : Together with the Author's Life, a compleat Catalogue of his Works, and Memoirs of his Family ; none of which Pieces were ever before published.*" London, printed for C. Davis, against Grays-Inn, Holborn ; T. Osborne, in Grays-Inn, and L. Davis, in Fleet-street, 1747. Both in Twelves. The French containing 232 Pages, the English 240 Pages.

THE Character of the late excellent Archbishop of Cambray, is so well known to the learned World, that it would be equally tedious and unnecessary to dwell upon it here. He was descended from an ancient and noble Family, and born in the Castle of *Fenelon*, in *Perigord*, on the sixth of *August*, 1651. He began his Studies at the University of *Cobors*, and finished them at *Paris*, where he was known by the Title of *The Abbe de Fenelon*. He was brought into the World by his Uncle the Marquis *de Fenelon*, who was distinguished no less by his Virtue and Merit, than by his Favour with the King, and the Rank he held at Court. It was under his Patronage, that the young *Abbe* came to be known to, and acquainted with the most considerable Persons in the Court of *Lewis XIV*, who very soon perceived the

great Qualities of this young Ecclesiastic, accompanied with Piety and Modesty, that were so much the more amiable as in those Days they were unusual. Amongst the Nobility of *France*, to whom the *Abbè Fenelon* was intimately known, there was none he respected more, or who had a greater Kindness for him than the Duke of *Beauvilliers*, a Person of very high Quality, and whose Virtue and Probity made him look'd upon as a Model for all People of high Rank in *France*. This Nobleman had no Male Issue, but several Daughters, and it was for his Use and theirs, that the *Abbè Fenelon* compos'd his Treatise on the Education proper for the Female Sex. This little Piece, which appeared in the Year 1688. was not only every way worthy of the bright Genius and extensive Learning of its Author, but proved also the Means of making him known to the World, and raising him to those high Dignities in which he afterwards appear'd with so much Lustre.

The established Character of the Duke of *Beauvilliers* for Piety, Prudence and Probity, recommended him to *Lewis XIV.* for a Charge, the most important to his People and to himself, viz. The Education of the young Princes his Grandchildren, the Sons of the Dauphin. He was no sooner possess'd of this Employment, than he cast his Eyes upon the *Abbè de Fenelon*, for their Preceptor. It was in this Station, to which he was rais'd in 1689, that he applied himself with so much Care and Diligence to form the Mind of the Duke of *Burgundy*, afterwards Dauphin and Heir apparent to the Crown of *France*. It was for his Use that he wrote his admirable *TELEMACHUS*, which was printed without the Author's Knowledge, and is certainly in all Respect one of the best design'd, best executed, and most perfect Works, that ever appear'd in the *French*, or indeed in any other Language.

It was in return for the Pains he had taken in his Charge, and the visible Success that attended his Pains, that without any Application of his own, the King thought fit to nominate him Archbishop and Duke of *Cambray*, one of the most exalted Ecclesiastical Dignities; the *French* Monarchs have it in their Power to confer. The whole World approved and applauded this Preferment, but as it is impossible for the wisest, or even for the best Men to avoid Envy, so many of the Court Prelates secretly hated the Archbishop for the great Character he had acquir'd, and the high Credit in which he stood with the King, the Dauphin, and the Duke of *Burgundy*, and perhaps his unaffected Piety and unspotted Integrity, which ought to have exempted him from those Strokes of Envy, were the Qua-

lities

lies which most exposed him to the Resentment of his Enemies. They were not long in finding out a specious Pretence for persecuting him. They represented him as a Favourer of one Madam Guion, who was suspected of Quietism, procured a Book that he written under the Title of *Maxims of the Saints*, to be censur'd at Rome in 1699; and even before that was done, engaged the King to remove him from Court, and to exile him into his own Diocese.

It is not to our Purpose to enter into a long Detail of all the Mortifications that his Enemies found means to multiply on this great and good Man, it is sufficient for us to observe, that they lasted almost as long as his Life. But at the same Time that he was persecuted in France and prosecuted at Rome, he was admir'd and rever'd by the whole Christian World. He govern'd his Diocese of *Cambray* with a primitive Piety, and while he neglected none of the Duties incumbent on a Christian Prelate, he did not forget that he was also a Prince, and lived with a Magnificence and Hospitality that render'd him generally belov'd, without exposing him to the least Degree of Censure. The two last Campaigns of that War which was occasion'd by the *Spanish* Succession, drew both Armies into his Diocese, and even within Sight of his Residence. This contributed not a little to shew how much true Virtue is capable of making its Possessor esteem'd and admir'd, independant of all other Considerations. The Duke of *Marlborough* gave as high Testimonies of his Respect and Veneration for this great and good Prelate as *M. Villars*, and took the same Care to prevent whatever belong'd to him from being ravag'd or plunder'd, and on his Side the Archbishop studied only how to render these Dispositions in both Generals useful and beneficial to the People. Every one of the Places that belong'd to him, were so many Sanctuaries to the Farmers and Peasants that fled thither to shelter themselves and their Effects. His Out-houses, and even the best Apartments of his Palace, were fill'd with sick and wounded Soldiers, whom he personally consoled, and to whom he afforded both temporal and spiritual Relief.

He never attempted, indeed he never desir'd to recover his Credit at Court, but the King perceiving by Degrees how much he had been injur'd, that all the Imputations of his Enemies were downright Calumnies, and that of all the Prelates in his Dominions, he was the most capable of healing those Divisions which were broke out in the *Gallican* Church, resolv'd to be no longer without his Assistance, and therefore determin'd to recall him to Court. But this Change in the Royal Sentiments came too late, an acute Disease which

Lefted

lasted but a few Days, carried him out of the World on the 7th of Jan. 1715, in the 64th Year of his Age. The King himself gave the highest Elogium of the deceased Archbishop, when on the first News of his Death, he said with a Sigh, *He is wanting to us at a time when we have most Need of him!* This is too often the Case of Princes, their good Sense forces them to regret the Loss of those they sacrifice to their Humours, to their Ambition, or to the bad Advice of their Flatterers.

Thus lived and thus died the famous Archbishop of *Cambray*, who though he always conversed with, never learned to flatter Princes, and who made Use of his Credit with them for their Good, not his own. It was with this View that he drew up the two short Pieces that are now made publick. The first of these contains an Examination of a Royal Conscience; for it seems, the Archbishop (like another Prelate of equal Rank in our own Country) thought that a King had two Consciences, one in his Political, the other in his personal Capacity. It was with respect to the former that he drew up these Heads, which he put into the Hands of the Duke of *Burgundy*, for his private Use, in Case he had ever inherited that Crown, with a Right to which he was born. There is in this Piece a great deal of Piety and of true Religion; but at the same Time there are in it also Principles of sound Policy, admirable Maxims for Government, just Remarks upon the Duties of Kings, free Observations upon their publick and private Conduct, and such a Spirit of good Sense, such an Air of Liberty, such an unaffected Concern for the Welfare of his Country is diffused through the whole, that it is impossible to read this judicious and well written Discourse, without feeling all imaginable Reverence and Regard for its Author, without owning that he was fit to instruct Kings, or without wishing that every King would peruse this short Treatise, which contains but thirty-seven Chapters, and reflect on their Contents. To justify these Sentiments, it will be sufficient to desire the Reader to cast his Eyes on the ninth, tenth, and fourteenth Chapters, they are very short, and therefore I have selected them; all the rest are of equal Value, all written with the same Spirit, all directed to promote the same salutary Purposes.

## IX.

“ It is not enough to know what is past, you must also  
 “ be acquainted with the present. Do you know the Num-  
 “ ber of Persons whereof your Nation consists? How many  
 “ Men?

" Men? How many Women? How many are employed in  
 " Tillage? How many are Handicraftsmen? How many  
 " of other Professions? How many are concerned in Trade?  
 " How many are Priests and religious Persons? How many  
 " Nobles and Gentlemen? And how many Soldiers? What  
 " would be said of the Shepherd who did not know the  
 " Number of his Flock? 'Tis as easy for a King to know  
 " the Number of his People, it may be done with a Word  
 " speaking. It becomes him to know whether there are a  
 " sufficient Number to till the Ground, whether there are  
 " too many Handicraftsmen in Proportion, too many of  
 " other Professions, too great a Number of Troops for the  
 " State to support; he should know the Temper and Dis-  
 " position of the Inhabitants of different Provinces, their  
 " principal Customs, their Privileges and Immunities, their  
 " Commerce, and the Laws of their respective Trade, both  
 " within and without the Kingdom: He should know the  
 " Nature of the several Courts of Justice in every Province,  
 " what are the Privileges annexed to the particular Em-  
 " ployments, what the Abuses of those Employments, &c.  
 " otherwise he can never be able to know the real Value of  
 " what is continually passing before his Eyes, his Ministers  
 " will easily impose upon him every Moment, and at the  
 " same time that he thinks nothing escapes his View, he will  
 " see every Thing but by Halves. A King who is ignorant  
 " in all these Particulars, is but a King by Halves, his Ig-  
 " norance renders him incapable of reforming what is amiss,  
 " and does more Mischief than the Corruptions of the Per-  
 " sons who govern under him.

X.

" It is usually said of Kings, that their private Vices are  
 " less to be dreaded, than their Misconduct in the Discharge  
 " of their Royal Authority. For my Part, I boldly assert  
 " the contrary, and maintain, that whatever Faults they  
 " commit to the most private Nature, are of infinite Con-  
 " sequence to the Kingdom; examine therefore your Morals  
 " very minutely. Subjects are servile Followers of their  
 " Princes, especially in such Points as gratify their own Pas-  
 " sions. Have they seen in you the bad Example of a loose  
 " and criminal Amour? If so, your Authority has fixed a  
 " Mark of Honour upon Infamy; you have broke down  
 " the Pale of Chastity and Modesty, you have made Vice  
 " and Impudence to triumph, and taught your Subjects no  
 " longer

“ longer to blush at Shame. A fatal Lesson which they will  
 “ never cease to remember. *Who so offendeth one of those*  
 “ *little ones, saith Jesus Christ, it were better for him, that a*  
 “ *Mil-stone were hanged about his Neck, and that he were cast*  
 “ *into the Depth of the Sea.* How great then is the Scandal  
 “ given by a King, who exposes Vice as seated by him on  
 “ the Throne, not only to be gazed on by his own Subjects,  
 “ but withall, by all the Courts and all the Nations of the  
 “ known World? Vice is in itself a contagious Poison,  
 “ Mankind are always disposed to receive the Infection, and  
 “ by their Inclinations prone to shake off the Yoke of  
 “ all Modesty. A small Spark kindles a great Flame, what  
 “ a King does shall often occasion a Multiplication and Suc-  
 “ cession of Crimes, which shall extend to divers Nations,  
 “ and several Ages. Are these mortal Examples none of  
 “ them chargeable upon you? Perhaps you may imagine,  
 “ that your Irregularities have not been taken Notice of.  
 “ No, the Ill that Princes do is never kept secret, what  
 “ Good they do may possibly remain concealed; for People  
 “ are hardly brought to believe, that they act upon any good  
 “ Motive, but for evil, Imagination shall suggest it of them,  
 “ and it shall gain Credit upon the slightest Suspicions. The  
 “ Publick are extremely curious, and whilst the Prince  
 “ pleaseth himself with thinking that his Weaknesses are not  
 “ known, he is the only Person that does not know how  
 “ severely they are censured. In him every ambiguous Word  
 “ is liable to a bad Construction, every Appearance of Gal-  
 “ lantry, every passionate Air, or over earnest Look shall  
 “ give Scandal, and have a Tendency to corrupt the Man-  
 “ ners of a whole Nation.

## XIV.

“ Have you taken nothing from any of your Subjects by  
 “ mere Authority, and in opposition to the Rules establish'd?  
 “ Have you made the Reparation a private Man would have  
 “ done, when you have taken away his House, or inclosed  
 “ his Field in your Park, or suppressed his Office, or sunk  
 “ his Revenues? Have you thoroughly examined the real  
 “ Necessities of the State, to compare them with the Incon-  
 “ veniences of Taxes, before you have laid them upon your  
 “ People? Have you consulted upon such an important  
 “ Point, the Men of the best Understandings, most zealous  
 “ for the publick Good, and most capable of laying the  
 “ Truth before you, without Flattery or Fear? Have you not  
 “ given



“ given the Name of Necessity of State, to what has served  
 “ only to gratify your own Ambition, such as a War under-  
 “ taken for the Sake of Conquest, and to acquire Glory ?  
 “ Have you not called you own Pretension, the Necessity of  
 “ the State ? If you have a personal Claim to any Succession  
 “ in a neighbouring Territory, you ought to support that  
 “ War out of the Income of your Patrimonial Possessions,  
 “ your own private Purse, or personal Loans ; at least, you  
 “ ought to apply only to this use the voluntary Aids granted  
 “ by the Affection of your People, and not load them with  
 “ Taxes, to support a Pretension wherein they have no Con-  
 “ cern ; for your Subjects will not be at all the Happier by  
 “ your adding one Province more to your Dominions. When  
 “ Charles VIII. marched to Naples to recover the Succession  
 “ of the House of Anjou, he undertook the War at his own  
 “ personal Charge, the States did not think themselves oblig-  
 “ ed to defray the Expences of that Enterprize. At most,  
 “ you can do no more upon such Occasions, than receive the  
 “ free will Offerings of an affectionate People, presented in  
 “ Consideration of the united Interests of a Loyal Nation,  
 “ and a King who governs it as a Father. In which View,  
 “ you will be far from heaping Taxes upon your People,  
 “ to serve your own private Interest.”

The second Treatise that is now published has no Title,  
 but it is evident enough from its Contents, that it is a Dis-  
 course upon universal Monarchy, and the Reasonableness and  
 Necessity of maintaining a Balance of Power in Europe.  
 The Insupportableness of the former, and the Lawfulness as  
 well as the Expediency of the latter, are very fully and very  
 clearly shewn, upon the Principles of the Laws of Nature  
 and Nations. He observes from thence, that there are only  
 four Kinds of Systems. The first is to be absolutely Supe-  
 rior to all the other Powers, even when united. This was the  
 State of the Romans, and that of Charlemagne. The second  
 is to be the inferior Power in Christendom to the others sing-  
 ly, who notwithstanding when united, shall be nearly equal.  
 The third is to be a Power superior to another, but support-  
 ed by its Union with all its Neighbours, against the predo-  
 minant Power. Lastly, the Fourth is to be a Power, as  
 near as may be equal to another, which keeps all quiet by  
 this kind of Equilibrium, which it honestly sustain without  
 Ambition. The chief End of this Discourse, is to shew that  
 the last System is the best ; and that in case the young Prince  
 for whose Use this Paper was written, attained to the Crown  
 of France, he ought rather to study how to cure the Jealousies

his Neighbours entertained, than endeavour to extend his Authority at their Expence ; and that he would find it his Interest, rather to aim at making his Subjects happy by a very moderate Use of the Power he had ; than by attempting to make it still greater.

When his Pupil the Duke of *Burgundy*, afterwards Dauphin of *France*, and Father to the present King died ; his Grandfather *Lewis XIV.* sent for his Strong-Box, and with his own Hand burned all the Papers that were in it ; and amongst them several Tracts that had fallen from the Pen of our Archbishop. But it seems, these two little Pieces in the Archbishop's own Hand-writing, were before that Time deposited in the Hands of the Duke of *Beauvilliers*, who restored them to the Archbishop's Family. As they were written with the same View as the Prelate's noble History of *Telemachus*, it was intended that they should have been added to the magnificent and correct Edition of that excellent Work, printed from his own Copy, which had been preserved in the same Manner. But the Ministry of *France* prevented this ; they were unwilling that two such Pieces as these should fall into the Hands of the *French Nation*, but in *Holland* where none of these Considerations prevailed, these Pieces were printed and published. They certainly deserve to be read, and to be read with Attention : They shew in the clearest Light, the Power of the *French Kings* at present ; and how inconsistent it is with the Interest and Rights of their Subjects. They shew likewise, that this boundless Authority at Home, is the Source of that Influence, which these Princes exert Abroad ; and which renders them justly odious to their Neighbours. They farther shew, that it is not Strangers or Enemies to the *French Monarchy* that framed these Charges against them, and labour to support them by a specious Shew of Reason and Argument ; but that the wisest and best Men in *France* conceive of them exactly in the same Light, which it is a Matter of very great Importance, should be made known to, and thoroughly impressed on the Minds of the People of *Great-Britain*.

HISTO-

## HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

*The History of Spain, while under the Dominion of the House of Austria; the passing of that Crown into the Family of Bourbon; the Consequences of this Alteration, in regard to the System of Europe and the present State, Maxims of Government, true Interests, and Political Connections of that Kingdom.*

WE are now to present the Reader with a succinct History of *Spain*, in order to give a clear Account of her political Interests and Connections. Every body knows how much it imports us to be acquainted with them, and many are by this Time sensible of the Misfortunes we have more than once brought upon our selves, by not being sufficiently acquainted with them. The Crown of *Spain* is now one of the most considerable Powers of *Europe*, but it has not always been so. That great Country was formerly divided into several Kingdoms, and it was not till towards the latter end of the fifteenth Century, that most of them came to be united under *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*. This King was reputed the wisest Prince of his Time, and his Queen, without being so reputed, was really the wisest crown'd Head in that Age. *Ferdinand* studied to extend his Power, *Isabella* laboured to make her Subjects great and happy. It was to him that his Successors, in a great measure, owe their being absolute at Home, but it is to her they are indebted for the Figure they have since made abroad. In a Word, it was his Policy that made the Kings of *Spain* great; it was her Virtues that made the Crown so. There were three Things that fell out under their Reigns, which entirely changed the Face of Affairs in *Spain*, and thereby changed the System of *Europe*. The first was the Junction of the Crown of *Castile* and *Leon*, with the Dominions that belong'd to each of them; and this was brought about by their Marriage. The second was the total Exclusion of the *Moors*, which was effected by the Conquest of *Granada*, the last of those Principalities which they had erected in that Country; and which the Union of their Dominions put it in the Power of these Princes to accomplish. The third was the Discovery of the new World, and the annexing of it, when discovered, to their Dominions; by which

*Spain* became a Maritime Power. Thus in the Compass of about thirty Years, *Spain* became beyond all Comparison the greatest Power in *Europe*, which before was very inconsiderable. For this *Ferdinand* and his Queen *Isabella* began their Reign in 1472. The Queen died in 1504, and the King in 1516, after uniting the Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Navarre*, under various Pretences to the rest of his Dominions.

This is a short Account of the Growth of the *Spanish* Power to the opening of the sixteenth Century, from which Time it is absolutely necessary that we should have more distinct Notions of its gradual Progress, greatest Height, and subsequent Declension, as well as of the great Change that has happened from its passing out of the House of *Austria*, into that of *Bourbon*, which occasioned the last general War, and has been the Object of the principal Negotiations in *Europe* ever since. That we may do this effectually, and at the same Time keep as much within Bounds as possible, we shall first of all give a brief Description of the Power acquired by *Charles V.* who was at once Emperor of *Germany*, King of *Spain* and *Naples*, Master of a great Part of *Italy*, and Lord of the whole Low-Countries, as well those that now form the Republick of the united Provinces, as those which are stiled the *Spanish Netherlands*, and belong mostly to the Empress-Queen of *Hungary*. We shall next give a short View of the Reign of *Philip II.* who if ambitious Princes are to be stiled so, was the wisest King, at least the greatest Politician that *Europe* ever saw, and in that Quality bid the fairest for universal Monarchy, in his Pretensions to which, he was rather defeated by Providence than either by the Power or Prudence of those who opposed him, yet he had to deal with some of the greatest Princes that ever ruled in this Part of the World. We shall in the third Place shew, how that mighty Power which he established dwindled away and sunk to nothing under his Successors; so that at last they were protected in the Possession of their Dominions, by those very Powers that had been raised upon their Ruin. Lastly, we shall give an impartial Account of the manner in which this Kingdom changed its Masters, and how all *Europe* came to acquiesce at last in its remaining in the Possession of the late King *Philip V.* tho' a younger Branch of the House of *Bourbon*.

We have in a foregoing Article relating to the House of *Austria*, given an Account of the Descent of *Charles V.* who was the Grandson of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* by their only Daughter, and who succeeded first to the Low-Countries,

of which he was also a Native ; and therefore it is no wonder that he retained for them a strong Affection as long as he lived. It was this Affection however, that render'd him disagreeable to the *Spaniards*, who on the other hand were never very agreeable to him ; and though by the Assistance of two very able Ministers, he governed that Nation very quietly during the best Part of his Reign, yet there never was any great Affection between him and his Subjects in that Kingdom. It is true, that for the Sake of the prodigious Revenues which he drew from the *Spanish* Dominions in *Europe* and *America*, he behaved towards them always with great Civility and Condescension, and countenanced that Prepossession in their Favour, which was shewn by his Son *Philip* even in his Infancy. On the other Hand, the Fortune of the Emperor who gained a long Series of Victories, encreased the *Spanish* Dominions in *Italy*, humbled the *French* Power, brought King *Francis I.* Prisoner to *Madrid*, and carried the Terror of his Arms into *Africa*, made him in some measure popular amongst the *Spaniards*, naturally the most loyal People in *Europe*, and extreamly charm'd with heroic Courage in their Princes. But on the one Hand the Emperor did not foresee in the former Part of his Reign, the Impossibility of securing all his Dominions to his Son, which if he had done, he would certainly have acted otherwise than he did, and have been more tender of the Interest of *Spain*, and more prudent in the Disposition of that immense Wealth which accrued to him from the Possession of it. He saw this in the latter Part of his Days, and then he chang'd his Scheme of Proceeding, he endeavoured to augment his Maritime Force, and by the Marriage of his Son *Philip* with *Mary* Queen of *England*, sought to establish a new Connection between the different Parts of his Dominions, and at the same time to surround *France*, and keep her in continual Dependence. The *Spaniards* likewise were as much deceived on the other in their Notions for the great Conquests and mighty Grandeur of the Emperor ; as they were gained at their Expence, so they were kept by the same means ; and this exhausted *Spain* both of Men and Money, drew from her all the Wealth she derived from her *Indies*, even faster than it came in, and by putting it into the Power of the Court to confer honourable and profitable Employments upon her Grandees, extinguished those Principles of Honour and Patriotism for which they had been formerly famous, and made them the Flatterers of Princes, and Dependents on their Ministers, which their free born Ancestors would have despised.

It

It must be allow'd, that considering the End he aimed at this Monarch laid down a right Plan, and generally speaking pursued it steadily; he was also generally successful, and after the Battle of *Pavia*, stood very fair for carrying his great Design into Execution: But in the Decline of Life he was less fortunate, or rather he was better known; all the Powers of *Europe* were upon their Guard, and that fraudulent Policy, by which he had been so great a Gainer, grew not only useless, but was also turned upon himself. Hence it was that almost every where his Affairs began to decline. The Princes of *Germany* would no longer trust him; the Pope and the *Italian* Princes were continually plotting against him; *France* began to recover its Power, and even in the *Low Countries*, which had been always the most favoured Part of his Dominions, he met with such Mortifications, as forced him to think of a Resignation, which he executed with Repugnance, and repented as soon as he had made it. But it does not appear that he ever laid aside his Scheme of universal Monarchy; he was indeed satisfied, that it could never be brought to bear in his own Time, but he flatter'd himself to the last that it could not escape his Son. He knew the Disposition of *Philip* exactly, and that tho' he was not so great a Hero, he was rather a greater Politician than himself; and therefore he took all imaginable Pains to infuse into his Mind the same Views, the same Passions, and the same Principles of Policy, that had governed himself.

It was to facilitate this, that at the Time of his Resignation he put into his Hands a System of the Art of War; and another of Government, of his own composing, both excellent in their kind, but fatal to his Pupil, and to the *Spanish* Nation. He received these Presents more respectfully than he had done his Father's Dominions, and studied them with such Diligence, that he was soon in a Condition to have given the like Lessons himself. The *Spaniards* even at this Time, retain the Memory of this Fact, and make use of it as a proverbial Expression, *That in all great Emergencies, their Ministers are wont to consult the Spirit of Charles V.* which is but too true, for they prosecuted his Maxims till they wore out the Force and Riches of that Nation; and came to be in the deplorable State in which we shall hereafter find them. In 1558, the Emperor *Charles V.* died in his Retirement, dissatisfied with the World, his Son, and himself; but at the same time with a full Prospect of *Philip's* becoming Master of the greatest Part of *Europe*, either by force of Arms, or by Dint of his Intrigues. He left him, to say the Truth, a

most



most formidable Prince; for he had just triumphed over the *French*, by a decisive Victory, had recovered all his Dominions in *Italy*, was in full Possession of the *Low Countries*, and had so much Power in *England*, as enabled him to employ the whole Strength of this Nation for his Service, directly against its own Interests. And if it had not been for the timely Death of his Consort *Queen Mary*, there is hardly any doubt to be made, that he would have carried his Point; and have annexed this Crown, for some time at least, to the Rest of his Territories, which as it would have been fatal to the general Good of *Europe*, would have been no less destructive to our Ancestors in particular, as we shall perhaps have an Occasion to shew more largely in another Part of this Work.

*Philip II.* began his Reign with great Reputation, and in the War which he entered into with *France*, had at first great Success, which was chiefly owing to the Fidelity and military Virtues of his Subjects in the *Low Countries*. It was not long however, that he suffered his Affairs to continue in this Situation; he was bent upon returning to, and living in *Spain*; he preferred none but the Natives of that Country, and shewed himself fonder of their Customs, and Manner of Living, than was fit for a Prince, who had such extensive Dominions, and People of such different Tempers, and Dispositions, in his Obedience. He attempted likewise, upon their Liberties, and was desirous of leaving *Spanish* Troops in their principal Cities, under the Command of the Prince of *Orange*, and Count *Egmont*; but the People absolutely refused to submit, and soon after the Troubles in those Parts began. The *Spaniards* mistook their Interests in this Respect intirely; they were pleased at what had happen'd; they rejoiced at their having a King entirely *Spanish*; and looked upon the Revolt of the *Flemings*, as a Thing that must prove very advantageous to them, as it would afford the King, not only an Opportunity of curtailing their Privileges, but of confiscating their Estates, and bestowing them upon his Favourites, or in other Words, upon themselves.

But they were convinced by Experience of the Folly of these Notions, for the People of the *Low-Countries* were not to be frightened out of their Privileges, and therefore to deprive them by Force, Troops were continually to be sent from *Spain*, and to be maintained when sent in the *Low-Countries*, which instead of becoming as *Philip* intended, a Place of Arms, from whence he might at Pleasure invade  
either



either *France* or *England*; they became in Reality the Theatre of War; where at a very small Expence the *English* and *French* broke the Force of the *Spanish* Monarchy, while thus employed in a War against its own Subjects. This was the first and great Mistake of his Reign, a Mistake which how much soever he might repent, he could never repair; a Mistake that was equally fatal to his own Power, and useful in creating a Diversion, to his Neighbours, who but for this Mistake would have run a very great Hazard of becoming like-wise his Subjects.

### The END of NUMBER XXIX.

